

Why how shall I requite you?  
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?  
*Both.* What we can do,  
Wee'l do to do you seruice.  
*Tim.* Yare honest men,  
Yhaue heard that I haue Gold,  
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men.  
*Pain.* So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore  
Came not my Friend, nor I.

*Timon.* Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet  
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,  
Thou counterfet'st most liuely.

*Pain.* So, so, my Lord.

*Tim.* Ene so fir as I say. And for thy fiction,  
Why thy Verse twels with stiffe so fine and smooth,  
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.  
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)  
I must needs say you haue a little fault,  
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither with I  
You take much paines to mend.

*Both.* Befeech your Honour

To make it knowne to vs.

*Tim.* You'l take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my Lord.

*Timon.* Will you indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not worthy Lord.

*Tim.* There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,  
That mightily deceiues you.

*Both.* Do we, my Lord?

*Tim.* I, and you heare him cogge,  
See him dissemble,

Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,  
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine aslur'd  
That he's a made-up Villaine.

*Pain.* I know none such, my Lord.

*Post.* Nor I.

*Timon.* Looke you,

I loue you well, He giue you Gold  
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;  
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
He giue you Gold enough.

*Both.* Name them my Lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this:  
But two in Company:  
Each man a part, all single, and alone,  
Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company:  
If where thou art, two Villaines shall nor be,  
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide  
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.  
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:  
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,  
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:  
Out Rascall dogges.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Steward, and two Senators.*

*Stew.* It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon*:  
For he is set so onely to himselfe,  
That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,  
Is friendly with him.

*1. Sen.* Bring vs to his Cause.

It is our part and promise to th'Athenians  
To speake with *Timon*.

*2. Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,  
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,  
The former man may make him: bring vs to him  
And chanc'd it as it may.

*Stew.* Heere is his Cause:

Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,  
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians  
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:  
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

*Enter Timon out of his Cave.*

*Tim.* Thou Sunne that comforts burne,  
Speake and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister, and each false  
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking.

*1. Worthy Timon.*

*Tim.* Of none but such as you,  
And you of *Timon*.

*1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon.*

*Tim.* I thanke them,  
And would fend them backe the plague,  
Could I but catch it for them.

*1. O forget*

What we are sorry for our selues in thee:  
The Senators, with one consent of loue,  
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought  
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye  
For thy best vse and wearing.

*2. They confesse*

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;  
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome  
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe  
A lacke of *Timon*'s ayde, hath since withall  
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,  
And send forth vs, to make their forrowed render,  
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull  
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,  
I quen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,  
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,  
And write in thee the figures of their loue,  
Euer to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;  
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,  
And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

*1. Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,*  
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take  
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name  
Live with Authoritie: so soone we shall drue backe  
Of *Alcibiades* th'approache wild,  
Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp  
His Countries peace.

*2. And shakes his threatening Sword*  
Against the walle: of Athens.

*1. Therefore Timon.*

*Tim.* Well fir, I will: therefore I will fir thus:  
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countymen,  
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,  
That *Timon* cares not. But if hee sake faire Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by'th' Beards,  
Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:  
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it,

*In*

In pittie of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,  
And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not,  
While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,  
There's not a whitte, in th'venerly Campe,  
But I do prize it at my loue, be'ore  
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,  
As Theeues to Keepers.

*Stew.* Stay not, all's in vaine.

*Tim.* Why I was writing of my Epitaph,  
It will be seene to morrow: My long sicknesse  
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, lye still,  
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,  
And last so long enough.

*1. We speake in vaine.*

*Tim.* But yet I loue my Country, and am not  
One that reioyes in the common wracke,  
As common brute doth put it.

*1. That's well spoke.*

*Tim.* Commend me to my louing Countreymen.  
*1. These words become your lippes as they passe thro-*  
*row them.*

*2. And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers*  
In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them,  
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,  
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,  
Their pang of Loue, with other incident throwes  
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine  
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,  
He teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.

*1. I like this well, he will returne againe.*

*Tim.* I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,  
That mine owne vse inuities me to cut downe,  
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that who so please  
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;  
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,  
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

*Stew.* Trouble him no further, thus you still shall  
Finde him.

*Tim.* Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,  
*Timon* hath made his euilasting Mansion  
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,  
Who once a day with his embossed Froth  
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,  
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:  
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:  
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.  
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;  
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

*Exit Timon.*

*1. His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Na-*  
*ture.*

*2. Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,*  
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs  
In our deere perill.

*1. It requires swift foot.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.*

*1. Thou hast painfully discouer'd: are his Files*  
As full as thy report?

*Mes.* I haue spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach.

*2. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.*

*Mes.* I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,  
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old loue made a particular force,  
And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding  
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon*'s Cave,  
With Letters of intreaty, which imported  
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,  
In part for his sake moud.

*Enter the other Senators.*

*1. Heere come our Brothers.*

*2. No talke of Timon, nothing of him expect,*  
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull sounding  
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,  
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.

*Exeunt*

*Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.*

*Sol.* By all description this should be the place,  
Whose heere? Speake ho: No answer? What is this?  
*Timon* is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,  
Some Beast reade this; There do's not lye a Man,  
Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,  
I cannot read: the Character He take with wax,  
Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;  
An ag'd Interpreter, though young in dayes:  
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,  
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.

*Exit*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers*  
before Athens.

*Alc.* Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,  
Our terrible approach.

*Sounds a Parly.*

*The Senators appeare vpon the wals.*

Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all Licentious measure, making your willes  
The scope of lustice. Till now, my selfe and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power  
Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd  
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,  
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong  
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,  
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,  
And purse Insolence shall breake his winde  
With feare and horrid flight.

*1. Sen. Noble, and young;*

When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,  
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,  
We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,  
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues  
About their quantitie.

*2. So did we wooe*

Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties loue  
By humble Message, and by promist meanes:  
We were not all vnkinde, nor all deferue  
The common stroke of warre.

*1. These walles of ours,*

Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You haue recey'd your greefe: Nor are they such,  
That these great Towres, Trophies, & Schools shold fall  
For private faults in them.

*2. Nor are they liuing*

*Who*